

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### THE GNOME'S PALACE.

Fashion'd by no mortal hands,  
Th' imperial Gnome's bright palace stands,  
And, casting forth its rainbow rays  
Where high the opal portals blaze,  
Gleams across the glittering plain,  
Gay centre of her wide domain.  
There the Powers that rule the mine,  
While rubied wreaths their temples twine,  
Borne on flaming ears resort,  
To grace their queen's imperial court.  
To illumine the varied vast profound,  
Phosphoric splendour reigns around,  
Casting beams of brightest day  
Where sunbeam never found its way:  
There earth within her cavern'd depths,  
Her richest, proudest treasure keeps,  
And spreads to please her clin hosts  
More than her varied verdant boasts:  
For wooded hills and verdant meads,  
Gay smiling emerald plains she spreads,  
And rising far in mountain rows,  
Bright gold its fretted foliage shows:  
Expanded sapphire arch'd on high,  
Affords a still unclouded sky:  
White stars of topaz gaily glow,  
Reflected from the plain below;  
And rang'd in many a waving line,  
Translucent crystal columns shine.  
Here gems that shed a lasting ray,  
Their ever-changing beams display:  
There, purling soft with gentle tide  
Fair streams of living silver glide;  
And seas that dash the favor'd isle,  
With lucid waves for ever smile,  
And roll around the proud domain,  
That boasts our virgin monarch's reign.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

FOOTE.—The members of Brookes's club-house, anxious to have an opportunity of enjoying that wit and humour, which never failed him at a convivial meeting, sent him a polite invitation to dine with them, which he accepted. He arrived some time before dinner, and was walking up and down the room, conversing with a gentleman whom he knew, when a member of the club, who had followed them about in hopes of finding some excuse to join in the conversation, suddenly interrupted them, by calling out, "Mr. Foote, Mr. Foote—I beg your pardon, but your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket—I fear you may lose it." "Sir," said Foote, who never suffered an opportunity for the expression of his satire to pass unheeded, "I am infinitely obliged to you; the fact is, I am quite a stranger here—and I make no doubt that you know the company much better than I do."—*Athenaeum.*

JOHN LOCKHART AND HIS BLACK SERVANTS.—I died of his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation, but got none, save that he found them very useful

and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages beyond a mouthful of meat. A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only one black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him.—*Hogg, in Alice's Tales.*

DURABILITY OF THE HAIR AND TEETH.—I have seen a thousand graves opened, and always perceived, that whatever was gone, the teeth and hair remained with those who had died with them. Is not this odd? They go the very first thing in youth, and yet the longest in the dust, if the people will but die to preserve them.—*Byron, in Moore's Life of B.*

### ITALY.

Of Keats, who early died, and Shelley's tomb,  
Remembrance cometh with a scene like this,  
Whose names are wreathed with an Italian bloom,  
The dead immortal whom in song we miss;  
Of Petrarch, Tasso, Milton,—all who gave  
Life that will last to scenes and creatures fair,—  
Dante and Byron, Rogers,—names which brave  
The touch of Time, who both can waste and spare.  
Who would not, if he might, thy air inspire,  
Land of ethereal beauty, radiant clime!  
For feminine softness and the heart of fire,  
Renowned throughout all regions and all time,  
For fallen grandeur famous,—with a name  
In intellectual greatness that is Fame.

Richard Hewitt.

CREDULITY.—The most extraordinary instance of witty impudence and blind credulity which I have ever heard of, occurred at Cirencester, in the province of Gloucestershire, where a man showed, for a penny a piece, the fork which belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to kill George III.—*Southey's Esquimaux's Letters on England.*

MODE OF STUDYING THE KORAN.—The Koran does not seem to have much embarrassed the Koolfuns. Their only mode of studying it was, to have the characters written with a black substance on a piece of board, then to wash them off, and drink the water; and when asked by Captain Clapperton what spiritual benefit could be derived from the mere swallowing of dirty water, they indignantly retorted,—  
"What! do you call the name of God dirty water?"  
This mode of imbibing sacred truth is indeed extensively pursued throughout the interior of the African continent.—*Aden, in Africa.*

SPANISH PRIDE.—One of the first measures of Vendome was to display, and at the same time to confirm, the good disposition of the grandees, by inducing them to sign a public declaration of their allegiance to Philip; and a little incident, which occurred on this occasion, is by far too characteristic of the old Spanish pride to be passed over. When the grandees signed this declaration, most of them added to their names the words, "noble as the king." Vendome, seeing the necessity of conciliation, bore this with patience for some time, but when one of them, besides these words, wrote down "and a little more," he could no longer restrain his anger. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "dare you call in question the nobility of the house of Bourbon—the most ancient of Europe?" "True," replied the Spaniard, "but remember, my Lord Duke, that after all King Philip the Fifth is a Frenchman—I am a Castilian!"—*Lord Mahon's Hist. of the Succession War in Spain.*

OLD ENGLISH ARCHERY.—Of such sterling stuff was the archery composed, and in such request were the bow-men as auxiliary troops, that we find Edward IV. lending a thousand archers for service in Burgundy, and Richard III. lent one thousand to the Duke of Bretagne, at 6d. per diem each man. The English prejudice against the cross-bow was confirmed by the battle of Cressy, at which the French had 15,000 cross-bow men, all of whom were destroyed by comparatively a handful of English long-bow men, amounting to only 2,500 men. At Poitiers, the long-bow men are stated at the same number. The victory of Agincourt was principally attributed to Sir

William Orpington, who lay in ambush with 200 long-bow men, 'who so galled the French horse, that they cast their riders and opened their ranks, so that the right wing of the English horse had way to come up; 10,000 of the Frenchmen were slain, and of which only 1,600 were common soldiers.' Hence, when Henry VII. ordered a levy of 1,155 choice archers, he issued a proclamation against the use of the cross-bow, 'because the long-bow has been much used in this our realm, whereby honor and victory has been got against our outward enemies, the realm greatly defended, and much more the dread of all Christian Princes, by reason of the same.'—*Unit. Ser. Journal.*

JOHN WILKES.—While incarcerated for his political principles, Wilkes was at the zenith of his fame. Subscriptions were opened for payment of his debts; valuable presents were conferred on him; and his likenesses were multiplied to such almost incredible extent, that his portrait squinted at the traveller even from the sign-boards of half the inns in the kingdom. He used to relate that one day, an old lady, behind whom he happened to be walking, exclaimed, with much spleen, as she looked up at one of his public-house profiles, 'Ah! he swings every where but where he ought!'—*Georgian Era.*

HUME AND GIBBON.—Hume tells the history of a faction, and Gibbon the history of oligarchies—the people, the people are altogether omitted by both. The fact is, neither of them had seen enough of the mass of men to feel that history should be something more than a chronicle of dynasties, however wisely chronicled it be: they are fastidious and graceful scholars; their natural leanings are towards the privileged elegancies of life; eternally sketching human nature, they give us, perhaps, a skeleton tolerably accurate—it is the flesh and blood they are unable to accomplish: their sympathies are for the courtly—their minds were not robust enough to feel sympathies with the undiademed and unlaundered tribes: each most pretends to what he most wants—Hume with his smooth affectation of candor, is never candid—and Gibbon, perpetually philosophizing, is never philosophical.—*Edinburgh.*

### POETIC FANCY.

Oh! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or yield the easily persuaded eyes  
To each quaint image issuing from the mould  
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,  
And cheek afloat, see rivers flow of gold  
Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!

Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,  
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light  
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

Coleridge.

COLLINS.—At Chichester, tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of the last days of the unhappy Collins. He would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving nights and days together, loving their

"Dim, religious light"

and when the choristers chanted their anthems, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and terror most afflicting in so solemn a place. Their friend, their kinsman, and their poet, was before them—an awful image of human misery and ruined genius!—*D'Irati.*

SIR FRANCIS CAREW.—Once making a splendid entertainment for Queen Elizabeth, at Beddington, he led her majesty, after dinner, to a cherry-tree in his garden, which had on it fruit, in their prime, then above a month after all cherries had taken their leave of England. This retardation he performed by straining a net or canvass cover over the whole tree, and wetting it, as the weather required, with a scoop; so, by obstructing the sunbeams, they grew both great, and were very long before they gained

their perfect cherry color: and when he was assured of the time her majesty would come, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity.—*Sir Hugh Platt.*

FATA MARGANA.—On the 15th of August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a wonderful vision. The sea, that washes the Sicilian shore, swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coast, grew quite smooth, or, in an instant, appeared as one clear polished mirror reclining against the aforesaid ridge. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro-oscuro, a string of several thousand pillars, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment, they lost their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike: they soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar.—This is the *Fata Margana*, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable.—*Father Agellucci, in Swinburne's Travels.*

HOMER AND VIRGIL.—The reading of the Iliad is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide and uncultivated marshes, huge forests, mis-shapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Eneid* is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impossible to find any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower.—*Adisson.*

### TO THE RAINBOW.

Child of the sun and of the tempest wild,  
Who died in bearing thee; and dying, smil'd  
To see so fair a produce of her womb,  
Come brightly forth to lead her to the tomb.  
Pillow'd on clouds, floated on vapours bright,  
Fed by thy sire with rays of solar light;  
With one foot resting on a mountain's side,  
The other bathed in ocean's rolling tide;  
Which, lash'd to madness by thy mother's might,  
Is now subsiding 'neath thy quiet light.  
If men and children love thy form e'en now,  
How must the few have felt, who on the brow  
Of Ararat beheld thee, when thy form  
Was spread by hands divine to stay the storm;  
To presage safety, hope, new life, and peace,  
To close heaven's windows—hid its torrents cease,  
To snatch the "chosen" from the deluge wave,  
While all else sunk to death in one wide watery grave!

GENOEVSE WOMEN.—They are among the handsomest of Italy; indeed, this city can boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together, as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort, at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features; and their carriage is remarkably graceful.—*Vicarsen's Italy and the Italians.*

SIR THOMAS CROMWELL.—In figure he was somewhat stout and bulky: on his head was a black velvet bonnet, with a flat double top, and a scull-piece coming down to the nape of his neck. His small, deeply-set eyes were close to one another; his brow, low; his hair, dark and coarse; his nose, slightly turned up; his cheek-bones prominent, although the lower part of his face was fleshy; his thin lips were closely compressed; his sleek chin was of an uniform wan hue; and his general physiognomy expressed craft, energy, and remorselessness.—*Toril.*

DESOTISM AND ANARCHY.—The times are certainly bad, when men are not permitted to do what they please; but they are much worse, when they are permitted to do every thing they please.—*Dion Cassius.*

RUSSIAN HORN-MUSIC.—At Prince Potunkin's I heard some very extraordinary music performed by men and boys, each blowing a straight horn adapted to his size. Sixty-five of these musicians produced a very harmonious melody, something like an immense organ. The music, the room, the cold, all was gigantic.—*Memoirs Marg. of Asnapach.*

## MISCELLANY.

## FALL OF BABYLON.

By "a Modern Pythagorean."

Fallen is mighty Babylon!  
Her mansions from the earth are gone.  
For ever quenched, no more her beams  
Shall gild the Egyptian's sacred stream.  
Her north is hushed, her music dead—  
All, save her very name, is dead;  
And the lone river rolls its flood  
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden Euphrat!  
Thou shalt, Assyria's mourning start!  
Fall God, by rich, ruinous anger driven,  
Expelled thee from thy place in Heaven.  
For false and false heretics were thy rays,  
Like many a false and leaden day;  
And after the splendour of thy name  
Rushed away a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fading, brightly shines,  
Rich with the world's glowing virtues;  
Prize, honour, riches—all are gone  
From the deserted throne.  
Babylon's towers are desolate,  
And yonder the imperial State;  
Even so the passing of a dream  
That fleetly followed on Memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon and all  
The name of her hidden gloom,  
Where the great power struck and smote,  
The mighty city of the world's wrong.  
The world's great power of sin and sin,  
The world's great power of sin and sin,  
The world's great power of sin and sin,  
The world's great power of sin and sin.

## BUTLER'S EULOGY ON SCOTT.

The blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hushed to length. The greatest—the most various—the most commanding genius of modern times—has left us to seek for that successor to his renown, which, in all probability, a remote generation, alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for the event; it does not fall upon us suddenly; but after half a century, it is as if the world were hushed to the earth at last: our sympathy in his glory has softened to us the sorrow of his death. It is not now our intention to trace the character, or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run; to every eye that reads—every ear that hears—every heart that remembers—the name, at least, of his character is already known, that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses—that he was at once equitable and generous—that his heart was ever open to charity—that his life has probably been shortened by his arduous regard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its flight must be meteoric—and its career wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons—we scarcely know which is the most valuable: he has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world—he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the widest heights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names—the luminaries of our nation—can we say that he has left us everything to admire and nothing to forgive?

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Mr. Walter Scott has won his fame—as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novelist. It is not now a time (with the great man's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion. We cannot now weigh, and estimate, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well—but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Whether it be that in our earliest recollections he was endued by those mighty lays which called from antiquity all its noblest spirit, and breathed a life and nature into that literature which was then languishing under the drowsiness of eternal imitation, and the trappings of a false and Gallic artificiality of school, at once burlesque and frivolous; whatever be the cause of our differing from the world in general on this point, certain it is, that we think him even greater as a poet than a novelist; and were it possible that time could wiper up the interest of the world in either, we think that the prose of Waverley might suffer before the verse of Marmion. Never, indeed, has there been a poet so thoroughly Homeric as Scott; the battle—the feast—the council—the guard-room at Sterling—the dying warrior at Flodden—the fierce Bertram spreading up the aisle—all are Homeric; all live—move—breathe—and burn—alike poetry, but alike life! There is this difference, too, marked and prominent, between his verse and his prose—the first is emphatically the verse of Scott—the latter (we mean in its style) may be the prose of any one; the striking originality, the daring boldness, the astonishing vigour of the style, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, are lost in the Antiquary and Guy Mannering.

Scott may be said, in prose, to have no style. There are those, we know, who call this very absence of style a merit—we will not dispute it; if it be so, Scott is the first great prose writer from Bacon to Gibbon—may, from Herodotus in Greek, to Paul Courrier in French—who has laid claim to it. For our own part, we think him great, in spite of the want of style, and not because of it. As a biographer, he has been unfortunate in his subjects: the two most important of the various lives he has either delineated or sketched—that of Dryden and that of Swift—are men to whose inexhaustible baseness genius could neither give the dignity of virtue nor the interest of error. Nor, perhaps, if we may presume to say so, was the bent of the biographer's mind that of Judge;

he had more the spirit of veneration than that of inquiry. And in his estimate, both of men and of books, his reasoning seldom satisfies us so much as his enthusiasm charms. He was born not to compose criticism, but to create critics; and the lessons he would draw from the lives and genius of other men,—the poet—the romancer—the critic—the philosopher of future ages,—will deduce from his own.

As an historian, we confess that we prize him more highly than as a biographer. It is true, the same faults are apparent in both; but there is in the grand History of Napoleon more scope for redeeming beauties. His great, his unrivalled excellence in description, is here brought into full and ample display; his battles are vivid, with colours which no other historian ever could command. And all the errors of the history still leave scenes and touches of unrivalled majesty to the book.

As a novelist, Scott has been blamed for not imparting a more useful moral to his fictions, and for dwelling with too inconsiderable an interest on the chivalric illusions of the past. To charges of this nature all writers are liable. Mankind are divided into two classes; and he who belongs to one will ever incur the reproach of not seeing through the medium of the other. Certain it is, that we, with utterly different notions on political truths from the great writer who is no more, might feel some regret—some natural pain—that the cause which we believe the best, was not favoured by his advocacy; but when we reflect on the real influence of his works, we are satisfied they have been directed to the noblest ends, and have embraced the largest circle of human interests.

We do not speak of the delight he has poured forth over the earth—of the lonely hours he has cheered—of the sad hearts he has beguiled—of the beauty and the music which he has summoned to a world where all travail and none repose; this, indeed, is something—this, indeed, is a merit—this, indeed, has been a benefit to mankind. And this is a new corroborator of one among the noblest of intellectual truths,—viz. that the books which please, are always books that, in one sense, benefit; and that the work which is largely and permanently popular—which ways, roads, and enters the universal heart—cannot appeal to vulgar and unworthy passions (such appeals are never widely or long triumphant); the delight it conveys is a proof of the moral it inspires.

But this power to cheer and to beguile is not that moral excellence to which we refer. Scott has been the first great genius—Fielding alone excepted—who invited our thorough and uncondescending sympathy to the wide mass of the human family—who has striven (for in this artificial world it requires an effort) into our hearts a love and respect for those chosen from the people. Shakespeare has not done this—Shakespeare paints the follies of the mob with a strong and unforgotten hand. Where in Shakespeare, is there a Jennie Deans? Take up which you will of those numerous works which have appeared, from "Waverley" to the "Chronicles of the Canongate"—open where you please, you will find portraits from the people—and your interest keeping watch beside the poor man's hearth. Not, in Scott, as they were in the dramatists of our language, are the peasant, the artificer, the farmer, dragged on the stage merely to be laughed at for their brogue, and made to seem ridiculous because they are useful.

He paints them, it is true, in their natural language, but the language is subservient to the character. He does not bow the man to the phrase, but the phrase to the man. Neither does he flatter on the one hand, as he does not slight on the other. Unlike the maudlin pastoralists of France, he contents himself with the simple truth—He contrasts the dark shadows of Meg Merrilies, or of Edie Ochiltree, with the holy and pure lights that reflect and sanctify them; he gives us the poor, even to the gipsy and the beggar, as they really are—contented, if our interest is excited, and knowing that nature is sufficient to excite it. From the palaces of kings—from the tents of warriors he comes—equally at home with man in all respects, to the cotter's hearth; he bids us turn from the pomp of the Plantagenets to bow the knee to the poor Jew's daughter; he makes us sicken at the hollowiness of the royal Rothesay, to sympathize with the honest love of Hugh the Smith. No, never was there one—not even Burns himself—who forced us more intimately to acknowledge, or more deeply to feel, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—"

"The man's the gold for a' that."

And is this being, to whom intellect taught philanthropy, to be judged by ordinary rules?—are we to gauge and mete his capacities of good, by the common measures we apply to common men? No!—there was in him a large, a Catholic sympathy with all classes, all tempers, all conditions of men; and this it was redeemed his noble works from all the taint of party, and all the leaven of sectarianism; this it was that made him, if the Tory in principle, the all-embracing leader in practice. Compare with what he has done for the people—in painting the people—the works of poets called Liberal by the doctrine—compare the writings of Scott with those of Byron, which have really tended the most to bind us to the poor? The first has touched the homely strings of our real heart—the other has written fine vague stanzas about freedom. Lara, the Corsair, Childe Harold, Don Juan, these are the works—we will not say of the misanthrope—at least of the aristocrat. Are Scott's so? Yet Byron was a Liberal, and Scott a Tory. Alas, the sympathy with humanity is the real republicanism of a writer of fiction. Liberal and Tory are words which signify nothing out of the sphere of the politics of the day. Who shall we

select from the Liberal poets of our age who has bound us to the people, like Scott? Shelley, with his metaphysical refinings?—Moore, with his elaborate floridity of patriotism? No!—we feel at once that nature taught Scott more of friendship with all mankind, than the philosophy of the one or the fancy of the other. Out of print, Scott might belong to a party—in print, mankind belonged to him. Toryism, which is another name for the spirit of monopoly, forsook him at that point where his inquiries into human nature began. He is not, we apprehend, justly liable to the charge of wanting a sound moral—even a great political moral—in the general tenor of his works which have compelled the highest classes to examine and respect the lowest. In this, with far less learning, far less abstract philosophy, than Fielding, he is only exceeded by him in one character—(and that indeed the most admirable in English fiction)—the character of Parson Adams. Jennie Deans is worth a thousand such as Fanny Andrews. Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes, are the only three writers, since the world began, with whom, as a novelist, he can be compared. And perhaps he excels them, as Voltaire excelled all the writers of his nation, not by the superior merits of one work—but by the brilliant aggregate of many. Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, are, without doubt, greater, more greater productions than Waverley; but the authors of Tom Jones, Gil Blas, and even of Don Quixote, have not manifested the same fertile and mighty genius as the author of the Waverley Novels.

And that genius—seemingly so inexhaustible—is quenched at length! We can be charmed no more—the elegant tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up—the right hand hath given its running—the end that is loosed was indeed of silver—and the loom that is broken at the dark well was of gold beyond all price.

Death, of late, has been busy among the great men of earth; the mighty landmarks of the last age, one after one, have been removed—Cuvier, Mackintosh, Bentham, Coleridge, and now Scott. There is something, as it were, mysterious and solemn in the disappearance of so many lights of the age, within so short an interval of each other—and happening, as it does, at a period when the old elements of society are shaken to the centre, it might have seemed to ancient superstition as if the world were preparing itself for an unexperienced era, and the removal of the chiefs of the past time boded the advent of a new order of mind suited to the new disposition of events.

When a great man dies, he leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill. Others succeed to his fame—but never to the exact place which he held in the world's eye;—they may be greater than the one we have lost—but they are not he. Shakespeare built not his throne on the same site as Homer; nor Scott on that whence Shakespeare looked down upon the universe. The gap which Scott leaves in the world is the taken of the space he filled in the homage of his times. A hundred ages hence our posterity will still see that wide interval unspanned—a vast and mighty era in the intellectual world, which will prove how spacious were the theory and the temple, whose summit has reached to Heaven.

THE ADVENT OF "EMERSON ARAB."

From the Atlas.

## FATE OF THE PIRATES.

It will be remembered by those who have read the Atlas during the last two or three months, that an interesting portion of "Tom Cringle's Log" relates to his adventures among some Cuba fishermen, who ultimately were found to be apparently quite as much entitled to the name of pirates, as to that by which they chose to be distinguished. A continuation of the Log is now before us, extending to a great length, and much of it very inferior in merit and attraction; but for the gratification of our readers we offer various selections from it, taking whatever we find that seems worthy of such preference. Our first extracts have reference to the trial for piracy of the prisoners taken in the expedition lately described, and brought to Jamaica.

## THE TRIAL.

"The regular Court-house of the city being under repair, the Admiralty Sessions were held in a large room occupied temporarily for the purpose. At one end, raised two steps above the level of the floor, was the bench, on which were seated the judge of the Admiralty Court, supported by two post-captains in full uniform, who are ex-officio judges of this court in the colonies, one on each side. On the right, the jury, composed of merchants of the place, and respectable planters of the neighbourhood, were enclosed in a sort of box, with a common white pine railing separating it from the rest of the court. There was a long table in front of the bench, at which a lot of black-robed devils, limbs of lawyers, were ranged—but both amongst them, and on the bench, the want of the cauliflower wigs was sorely felt by me, as well as by the seamen, who considered it little less than murder, that men in crops—black shock-pated fellows—should sit in judgment on their fellow-creatures, where life and death were in the scales.

On the left hand of the bench the motley public—white, black, and of every intermediate shade—were grouped; as also in front of the dock, which was large. It might have been made with a view to the possibility of fifteen unfortunates or so being arraigned at one time; but now there were no fewer than forty-three jammed and pegged together into it, like sheep in a Smithfield pen the evening before market-day. These were the *forty thieves*—the pirates. They were all,

without exception, clean, well shaven, and decently rigged in white trousers, linen or check shirts, and held their broad Panama sombreros, in their hands.

Most of them wore the red silk sash round the waist. They had generally large bushy whiskers, and not a few had earrings of massive gold, (why call wearing earrings puppyism? Shakespeare wore ear-rings, or the Chandos portrait lies,) and chains of the same metal round their necks, supporting, as I concluded, a crucifix, hid in the bosom of the shirt. A Spaniard can't murder a man comfortably, if he has not his crucifix about him.

They were, collectively, the most daring, intrepid, Salvo Rosa-looking men I had ever seen. Most of them were above the middle size, and the spread of their shoulders, the grace with which their arms were hung, and finely developed muscles of the chest and neck, the latter exposed completely by the folding back of their shirt-collars, cut large and square, after the Spanish fashion, beat the finest boat's crew we could muster all to nothing.

They stood up, and looked forth upon their judges and the jury like brave men, desperadoes though they were. They were, without exception, calm and collected, as if aware that they had small chance of escape, but still determined not to give that chance away. One young man especially attracted my attention from the bold, cool self-possession of his bearing. He was in the very front of the dock, and dressed in no way different from the rest, so far as his undergarments were concerned, unless it were that they were of a finer quality. He wore a short green velvet jacket, profusely studded with knots and chains, like small chain shot, of solid gold, similar to the shifting button lately introduced by our dandies in the *tricot* waist coats. It was not put on, but hung on one shoulder being fastened across his breast by the two right sleeves tied together in a knot. He also wore the red silk sash, through which a broad girdle ran twining like the strand of a rope. He had no ear-rings, but his hair was the most beautiful I had ever seen in a male—long and black, jet-black and glossy. It was turned up and fastened in a club on the crown of his head with a large pin, I should rather say silver or silver; but the outlandishness of the fashion was not offensive, when I came to take note of the elegant beauty of the plaiting, and of the hair even lay back that hung down behind each of his small transparent ears, and the short Hyperborean curls that clustered thick and richly on his high pale forehead and neck. His eyes were large, black, and swart, like a woman's. His nose straight and thin; and such a mouth, such an under-lip, full and melting, and teeth regular and white, and utterly free from the pollution of tobacco, and a beautifully moulded small chin, rising up and curving in his round, massive, muscular neck.

I had never seen so fine a face, such perfection of features, and such a clear, dark, smooth skin. It was a finer face than Lord Byron's, whose I had seen more than once, and wanted that hellish curl of the lip; and, as to figure, he could, to look at him, at any time, have eaten up his lordship's stoop and rump to his breakfast. It was the countenance, in a word, of a most beautiful youth, melancholy, indeed, and anxious—evidently pensive; for the large pools that coursed each other down his forehead and cheeks, and the slight quivering of the under-lip, every now and then evinced the powerful struggle that was going on within. His figure was, if possible, superior to his face. It was not quite fitted up, as we call it, but the arch of his chest was magnificent, his shoulders square, arms well put on; but his neck—Have you seen the Apollo, neighbour?—No, but the rest of it at Somerset-House?—Well, that will do so you know the sort of neck he had? His waist was fine, his hips beautifully moulded; and although his under limbs were shrouded in his white trousers, they were evidently of a piece with what was seen and developed; and this was vouched for by the turn of his ankle and well shaped foot, on which he wore a small Spanish grass slipper, fitted with great nicety. He was at least six feet two in height, and such as I have described him. There he stood, with his two hands grasping the rail before him, and looking intently at a witness lawyer who was opening the accusation, while he had once turned a little towards the sworn interpreter of the court, whose province it was, at every pause, to explain to the prisoners what the learned gentleman was stating. From time to time he said a word or two to a square-built, dark, ferocious-looking man standing next him, apparently about forty years of age, who, as well as his fellow-prisoners, appeared to pay him great respect; and I could notice the expression of their countenances change as his rose or fell.

The indictment had been read before I came in, and, as already mentioned, the lawyer was proceeding with his accusatory speech, and, as it appeared to me, the young Spaniard had some difficulty in understanding the interpreter's explanation. Whenever he saw me, he exclaimed, "Ah-aquí viene el Señor Teniente—ahora salremos—ahora, ahora!" and he beckoned to me to draw near. I did so.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Cringle," he said in Spanish, with the ease and grace of a nobleman—"but I believe the interpreter to be incapable, and I am certain what we say is not fittingly explained to the judges; neither do I believe that he can give me a sound notion of what the advocate is alleging against us. May I entreat you to solicit the bench for permission to take his place? I know you will expect no apology from a man in my situation."

This unexpected address in open court took me fairly aback, and I stopped short while in the act of passing the open space in front of the dock, which was kept clear by six marines in white jackets, whose



muskets, fixed bayonets, and uniform caps, seemed out of place to my mind in a criminal court. The lawyer suddenly suspended his harangue, while the judges fixed their eyes on me, and so did the audience, confounding them! To be the focus of so many eyes was trying to my modesty; for, although I had mixed a little in the world, and was not altogether unacquainted with bettermost society, still, below any little manner that I had acquired, there was, and always will be, an under stratum of bashfulness, or sheepishness, or *mauvaise honte*, call it which you will; and the torture, the breaking on the wheel, with which a man of that temperament perceives the eyes of a whole court-house, for instance, attracted to him, none but a bashful man can understand. At length I summoned courage to speak.

"May it please your honours, this poor fellow, on his behalf, and on the part of his fellow prisoners, complains of the incapacity of the sworn interpreter, and requests that I may be made the channel of communication in his stead."

"This was a tremendous effort, and once more the whole blood of my body rushed to my cheeks and forehead, and I sweat extremely." The judges, he of the black robe and those of the queue, commended together.

"Have you any objection to being sworn, Mr. Cringle?"

"None in the least, provided the court considers me competent, and the accused are willing to trust me."

"Si, si," exclaimed the young Spaniard, as if comprehending what was going on—"Somos contentos—todos, todos," and he looked round, like a prince, on his fellow culprits. A low murmuring, "Si, si—contento, contento!" passed among the group.

"The accused, please your honours, are willing to trust to my correctness."

"Pray, Mr. Cringle, don't make yourself the advocate of these men, and that," said the lawyer *sans wig*.

"I don't intend it, sir," I said, slightly stung, "but if you had suffered what I have done at their hands, *peradventure* such a caution to you would have been unnecessary!"

The sarcasm told, I was glad to see; but remembering where I was, I headed out of action with the man of words, simply giving the last shot, "I am sure an English gentleman, a *gentleman* on the word, will throw any difficulty in way of the poor fellows being made aware of what is given in evidence against them, had as they may be."

He was about rejoicing, for a lawyer would as soon let you have the last word as a sweep or a baker the wall, when the officer of court approached and swore me in, and the trial proceeded.

The whole party were proved by fifty witnesses to have been taken in arms on board the schooners in the Cove; and farther, it was proved that no commission or authority to cruise whatsoever was found on board any of them, a strong proof that they were pirates.

"Que dice, que dice?" enquired the young Spaniard already mentioned.

I said that the court seemed to infer, and were pressing it on the jury that the absence of any commission or letter of marque from a superior officer, or from any of the Spanish authorities, was strong evidence that they were marauders—in fact pirates.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "gracias, gracias!" Then with an agitated hand he drew from his bosom a parchment, folded like the manifest of a merchant ship, and at the same moment the gruff force-looking elderly man did the same, with another similar instrument from his own breast.

"Here, here are the commissions—here are authorities from the Captain-General of Cuba. Read them." Hooked over them; they were regular to all appearance, at least as there were no autographs in court of the Spanish Viceroy, or any of his officers, whose signatures, either *real* or *forged*, were affixed to the instruments, with which to compare them. There was a great chance, I conjectured, so far as I saw, that they would be acquitted; and in this case, *re, his majesty's* officers, would have been converted into the transgressing party; for if it were established that the vessels taken were *bona fide* *Guardia Costas*, we should be placed in an awkward predicament, in having captured them by force of arms, not to take into account the having violated the sanctity of a friendly port.

But I could see that this unexpected production of regular papers by their officers had surprised the pirates themselves, as much as it had done me;—whether it was a heinous offence of mine or not to conceal this impression from the court, (there is some dispute about the matter to this hour between me and my conscience,) I can't tell; but I was determined to stick scrupulously to the temporary duties of my office, without stating what I suspected, or even translating some sudden expressions overheard by me, that would have shaken the credibility of the documents.

"Comisiones, comisiones!" for instance, was murmured by a weatherbeaten Spaniard, with a fine bald head, from which two small tufts of grey hair stood out above his ears, and with a superb Moorish face—"Comisiones—Si hay comisiones, el Diabolo mismo, los ha hecho!"

The court was apparently non-plussed—not so the wileless man of the law. His pea-green visage assumed a more fiendish hue, and the expression of his eyes became damnable and blasting. He looked altogether like a cat sure of her mouse, but willing to let it play in fancied joy of escaping, as he said softly to the Jewrier, who was perched in a high chair above the heads of the people, like an ugly *corbie* in its dirty nest—

"Crier, call Job Rumbletithump, mate of the Porpoise."

"Job Rumbletithump, come into court!"

"Here," quoth Job, as a stout bluff honest-looking sailor rolled into the witness's box.

"Now, clerk of the crown, please to swear in the mate of the Porpoise." It was done. "Now, my man, you were taken going through the Caicos Passage in the Porpoise by pirates, in August last—were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Turn your face to the jury, and speak up, sir. Do you see any of the honest men who made free with you in that dock, sir? Look at them, sir."

The mate walked up to the dock, stopped, and fixed his eyes intently on the young Spaniard. I stared breathlessly at him also. He grows pale as death—his lip quivers—the large drops of sweat once more burst from his brow. I grew sick, sick.

"Yes, your honour," said the mate.

"Yes—ah!" said the devil's limb, chuckling—"we are getting on the trail at last. Can you swear to more than one?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Yes!" again responded the *sans wig*. "How many?"

The man counted them off. "Fifteen, sir. That young fellow there is the man who cut Captain Spurling's throat."

"God forgive me, is it possible?" gasped Thomas Cringle.

"There's a monster in human form for you, gentlemen," continued devil's limb. "Go on, Mr. Rumbletithump!"

"That other man next him hung me up by the heels, and seared me. I was burnt into the very muscle, until I told where the gold was stowed away."

"Aha!" screamed the lawyer; "and all the rest were slitting, eh?"

"The rest of the fifteen were, sir!"

But the prosecutor, a glutton in his way, had tho't he had bagged the whole forty-three. And so he ultimately did before the evening closed in, as most of the others were identified by other witnesses; and when they could not actually be sworn to, the pirates were brought home to them by circumstantial evidence; such, for instance, as having been captured on board of the craft we had taken, which again were identified as the very vessels which had plundered the merchantmen and murdered several of their crews, so that by six o'clock the jury had returned a verdict of Guilty—and I believe there never was a juster—against the whole of them. The finding and sentence of death following thereupon, seemed not to create any strong effect upon the prisoners. They had all seen how the trial was going; and long before this, the bitterness of death seemed to be past.

I could hear one of our boat's crew, who was standing behind me, say to his neighbour, "Why, Tom, surely he is in joke. Why he don't mean to condemn them to be hanged *seriously*, without his wig, eh?"

#### THE EXECUTION.

Two days afterwards, I was ordered with the launch to Kingston, early in the morning, to receive twenty-five of the pirates who had been ordered for execution that morning at Gallows Point. It was little past four in the morning when we arrived at the Wherry wharf, where they were already clustered, with their hands pinioned behind their backs, silent and sad, but all of them calm, and evincing no human fear of death.

I don't know if other people have noticed it, but this was one of several instances where I have seen foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, for instance, meet death, *invariable* death, with greater firmness than British soldiers or sailors. Let me explain. In the field, or grappling in mortal combat, on the blood slippery quarter-deck of an enemy's vessel, a British soldier or sailor is the bravest of the brave. No soldier or sailor of any other country, saving and excepting those damned Yankees, can stand against him—they would be utterly overpowered—their hearts would fail them—they would either be cut down—thrust through, or they would turn and flee. Yet those same men who have turned and fled, will meet death, but it must be, as I said, *invariable*, *unavoidable* death, not only more firmly than their conquerors would do in their circumstances, but with an intrepidity—ah, do not call it indifference!—altogether astonishing. Be it their religion, or their physical conformation, or what it may, all I have to do with, is the fact which I record as undeniable. Out of five-and-twenty individuals, in the present instance, not a sigh was heard, nor a moan, nor a querulous word. They stepped lightly into the boats, and seated themselves in silence. When told by the seamen to make room, or to shift so as not to be in the way of the oars, they did so with alacrity, and almost with an air of civility, although they knew that within half an hour their earthly career must close for ever.

The young Spaniard who had stood forward so conspicuously on the trial, was in my boat; in stepping in, he accidentally trod on my foot in passing forward; he turned and apologized, with much natural politeness—"He hoped he had not hurt me?"

I answered kindly, I presume—who could have done so harshly? This emboldened him apparently, for he stooped, and asked leave to sit by me. I consented, while an incomprehensible feeling crept over me; and when once I had time to recollect myself, I shrank from him, as a blood stained brute, with whom even in his extremity it was unfitting for me to hold any intercourse. When he noticed my repugnance to remain near him, he addressed me hastily, as if afraid that I would destroy the opportunity he seemed to desire.

"God did not always leave me the slave of my passions," he said, in a low, deep, most musical voice.

"The day has been when I would have shrunk as you do,—but time presses. You have a mother?" said he—I assented—"and an only sister?" As it happened, he was right here too. "And—and"—here he hesitated, and his voice shook and trembled with the most intense and heart-crushing emotion—"y una mas cara que ambos?"—Mary, you can tell whether in this he did not also speak truth. I acknowledged there was another being more dear to me than either. "Then," said he, "take this chain from my neck, and the crucifix, and a small miniature from my bosom; but not yet—not till I leave the boat. You will find an address affixed to the string of the latter. Your course of service may lead you to St. Jago—if not, a brother officer may"—His voice became inaudible; his hot scalding tears dropped fast on my hand, and the ravisher, the murderer, the pirate, wept as an innocent and helpless infant. "You will deliver it. Promise a dying man—promise a great sinner." But it was momentary—he quelled the passion with a fierce and savage energy, as he suddenly, "Promise! promise!" I did so, and I fulfilled it. The day broke. I took the jewels and miniature from his neck, as he led the way with the firm step of a hero in ascending the long gibbet. The halters were adjusted, when he stepped towards the side I was on, as far as the rope would let him. "Dexa me verba—dexa me verba, una vos mas!" I held up the miniature. He looked—

he glared intensely at it. "Adios, Maria, seas feliz en gloria—feliz—feliz—Maria—adios—adios—Maria—Mar!"

The rope severed the name from his heart, sweet girl; but not until it also severed his soul from his body, and sent him to his tremendous account—young in years, but old in wickedness—to answer at that tribunal, where we must all appear, to the God who made him, and whose gifts he had so fearfully abused, for thy broken heart and early death, amongst the other sordid atrocities of his short but ill spent life.

The signal had been given—the lumbering flap of the long drop was heard, and five-and-twenty human beings were waving in the sea-breeze in the agonies of death! The other eighteen suffered on the same spot the week following; and for long after this fearful and bloody example struck terror into the Cuba fishermen!

#### NEGRO CARNIVAL IN JAMAICA.

"This day was the first of the Negro Carnival or Christmas Holidays, and at the distance of two miles from Kingston the sound of the negro drums and horns, the barbarous music and yelling of the different African tribes, and the more mellow singing of the Set Girls, came off upon the breeze loud and strong."

When we got nearer, the wharfs and different streets, as we successively opened them, were crowded with the blackamoors, men, women, and children, dancing and singing and shouting, and all rigged out in their best. When we landed on the agents' wharf we were immediately surrounded by a group of these merry-makers, which happened to be the Butchers' John Canoe party, and a curious exhibition it unquestionably was. The prominent character was, as usual, the John Canoe or Jack Pudding. He was a light, active, clean made, young Creole negro, without shoes or stockings; he wore a pair of light jean small-clothes, all too wide, but confined at the knees, below and above, by bands of red tape, after the manner that Malakho would have called cross-gartering. He wore a splendid blue velvet waistcoat, with old-fashioned flaps coming down over his hips, and covered with tarnished embroidery. His shirt was absent on leave I suppose, but at the wrists of his coat he had tin or white iron frills, with loose pieces attached, which tinkled as he moved, and set off the dingy paws that were stuck through these strange manacles, like black wax tapers in silver candlesticks. His coat was an old blue artillery uniform one, with a small bell hung to the extreme points of the swallow-tailed skirts, and three tarnished epaulettes; one on each shoulder, and, O ye immortal gods! O Mars armipotent! the biggest of the three stuck at his rump, the *point d'appui* for a sheep's tail. He had an enormous cocked hat, to which was appended in front a white false face or mask, of a most methodical expression, while, Janus-like, there was another face behind, of the most quizzical description, a sort of living Antithesis, both being garnished and overtopped with one course wig, made of the hair of bullocks' tails, on which the *chapeau* was strapped down with a broad band of gold lace. He skipped up to us with a white wand in one hand and a dirty handkerchief in the other, and with sundry moppings and movings, first wiping my shoes with his *mouchoir*, then my face, (murder, what a flavour of salt fish and onions it had!) he made a smart enough pirouette, and then sprang on the back of a nondescript animal, that now advanced capering and jumping about after the most grotesque fashion that can be imagined. This was the signal for the music to begin. The performers were two gigantic men, dressed in calf-skins entire, head, four legs, and tail. The skin of the head was made to fit like a hood, the two fore-feet hung dangling down in front, one over each shoulder, while the other two legs, or hind-feet, and the tail, trailed behind on the ground; deuce another article had they on in the shape of clothing except a handkerchief, of some flaming pattern, tied round the waist. There were also two flute-players in sheep-skins, looking still more outlandish from the horns on the animals' head being preserved; and three stout fellows, who were dressed in the common white frock and trousers, who kept sounding on bullocks' horns. These formed the band as it were, and might be considered John's immediate tail or following; but he was also accompanied by about fifty of the butcher negroes, all

neatly dressed—blue jackets, white shirts, and Osna-burgh trousers, with their steel and knife cases by their sides, as bright as Turkish yataghans, and they all wore clean blue and white striped aprons. I could see and tell what they were; but the Thing John Canoe had perched himself upon I could make nothing of. At length I began to comprehend the device.

The *Magnus Apollo* of the party, the poet and chief musician, the nondescript already mentioned, was no less than the boatswain of the butcher gang, answering to the driver in an agricultural one. He was clothed in an entire bullock's hide, horns, tail, and other particulars, the whole of the skull being retained, and the effect of the voice growling through the jaws of the beast was most startling. His legs were enveloped in the skin of the hind-legs, while the arms were cased in that of the fore, the hands protruding a little above the hoofs, and, as he walked reared up on his hind-legs he used, in order to support the load of the John Canoe who had perched on his shoulders, like a monkey on a dancing bear, a strong stick, or spirit, with a crutch top to it, which he leant his breast on every now and then.

After the creature, which I will call the *Devise* for shortness, had capered with its extra load, as if it had been a feather, for a minute or two, it came to a stand still, and, sticking the end of the spirit into the ground, and tucking the crutch of it under its chin, it motioned to one of the attendants, who thereupon handed, of all things in the world, a *fiddle to the ear*. He then shook off the John Canoe, who began to caper about as before, while the *Devise* set up a deuced good pipe, and sang and played, barbarously enough, I will admit, to the tune of Guinea Corn, the following ditty:—

"Massa Bwana like a dove—  
Bullock caper like a monkey—  
Dance, and shout, and poke him too,  
Like one humane person—just so!"

And hereupon the tail of the beast, some fifty strong, music men, John Canoe and all, began to rampage about, as if they had been possessed by a devil whose name was Legion:

"Ben Massa Bwana leave white love,  
Soft and sallow like one dove.  
To heaven girl—how barely shaven!—  
To black girl—oh, Lord, do Devil!"

Then a tremendous galloping, in the which old Tail-tackle was nearly capsized over the wharf. He looked quietly over the edge of it. "Boat-keeper, hand me up that switch of a stretcher." (Friend, if thou be'st not nautical, thou knowest what a *rack pin*, something of the stoutest, is.) The boy did so, and Tail-tackle, after mustering well his dexter claw with tobacco juice, seized the stick with his left by the middle, and balancing it for a second or two, he began to fasten the end of it into his right fist, as if he had been screwing a bolt into a socket. Having satisfied himself that his grip was secure, he let go the hold with his left hand, and crossed his arms on his breast, with the weapon projecting over his left shoulder, like the drone of a bagpipe. The *Devise* continued his chant, giving the seaman a wide berth, however:—

"But when him once two tree year born,  
His tail white lady way great hole;  
De coloured people, never fear,  
Ah, hata lob nam the mostest not any color."

Then another tumblification of the whole party.

"But me—one time had fever catch him,  
Coloured people kindly watch him;  
I sick room, nurse voice like music—  
From him hand him some sweet de physic!"

Another trampolining.

"So always come—in two tree year,  
And so will you, massa—never fear  
Bwana girl for cook—for wife—for nurse;  
Bwana lady—yes—no want a nurse!"

"Get away, you scandalous scoundrel," cried I; "away with you, sir!"

Here the morrice-dancers began to circle round old Tail-tackle, keeping him on the move, spinning round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, while they shouted, "Oh, massa, one *mucarani* if you please!" To get quit of their importunity, Captain N— gave them one. "Ah, good massa, thank you, sweet massa!" And away danced John Canoe and his tail, careering up the street.

In the same way all the other crafts and trades had their Gumbi-men, Horn-blowers, John Canoes, and Nondescripts. The gardeners came nearest of any thing I had seen before to the May-day boys in London, with this advantage, that their Jack-in-the-Green was incomparably more beautiful, from the superior bloom of the larger flowers used in composing it. The very workhouse people, whose province it is to guard the Negro culprits who may be committed to it, and to inflict punishment on them, when required, had their John Canoe and *Devise*; and their prime jest seemed to be every now and then to throw the fellow down who enacted the latter at the corner of a street, and to administer a sound flogging to him. The John Canoe, who was the workhouse driver, was dressed up in a lawyer's cast off gown and bands, black silk breeches, no stockings nor shoes, but with sandals of bullock's hide strapped on his great splay feet, a small cocked hat on his head, to which were appended a large cauliflower wig, and the usual white false-face, bearing a very laughable resemblance to Chief Justice S—, with whom I happened to be personally acquainted.

The whole party which accompanied these two worthies, musicians and tail, were dressed out so as to give a tolerable resemblance of the Bar broke loose, and they were all pretty considerably well drunk. As we passed along, the *Devise* was once more laid down,

\* A quadrille ditty.

and we could notice a shield of tough hide strapped over the fellow's stern frame, so as to save the lashes of the cat, which John Canoe was administering with all his force, while the *Devise* wallowed about and yelled, as if he had been receiving the punishment on his naked flesh. Presently, as he rolled over and over in the sand, bellowing to the life, I noticed the leather shield slip upwards to the small of his back, leaving the lower story uncovered in reality; but the driver and his tail were too drunk to observe this, and the former continued to lay on and laugh, while one of his people stood by in all the gravity of drunkenness, counting, as a first lieutenant does, when a poor fellow is polishing at the gangway—"Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two"—and so on, while the patient roared you, an it were any thing but a nightingale. At length he broke away from the men who held him, after receiving a most sufficient flogging, to revenge which he immediately fastened on the John Canoe, wrenched his cat from him, and employed it so scientifically on him and his followers, giving them passing taps on the shins now and then with the handle, by way of spice to the dose, that the whole crew pulled foot as if old Nick held them in chase.

The very children, urchins of five and six years old, had their Lilliputian John Canoes and *Devises*. But the beautiful part of the exhibition was the Set Girls. They danced along the streets, in bands of from fifteen to thirty. There were brown sets, and black sets, and sets of all the intermediate gradations of colour. Each set was dressed pin for pin alike, and carried umbrellas or parasols of the same colour and size, held over their nice shawls, well put on *toques*, or Madras handkerchiefs, all of the same pattern, tied round their heads, fresh out of the fold, and in the most luxurious attitudes. They sang as they swam along the streets, and I had never seen more beautiful creatures than there were amongst the brown sets—clear olive complexions, and fine faces, elegant carriage, splendid figures—full, plump, and magnificent.

Most of the Sets were as much of a size as Lord —'s eighteen daughters, sailing down Regent street, like a *Charity School* of a Sunday, led by a rum-bucking old head—others again had large Roman matron-looking women in the leading files the *figurantes* in their tails becoming slighter and smaller, as they tapered away, until they ended in *lentic Phœnixes*, no bigger as my thumb, but always "preserving the uniformity of dress, and colour of the umbrella or parasol. Sometimes the breeze, on opening a corner, would strike the sternmost of a set composed in this manner of small fry, and stagger the little things, getting beneath their tiny umbrellas, and fairly blowing them out of the line, and ruffling their ribbons and finery, as if they had been tulips bending and shaking their leaves before it. But the colours were never blended in the same set—no blackie ever interloped with the browns, nor did the browns in any case mix with the saffres—always keeping in mind—black woman—brown lady.

But, as if the whole city had been tomfooling, a loud burst of military music was now heard, and the north end of the street we were ascending, which leads out of the *Place d'Armes* or parade, that occupies the centre of the town, was filled with a cloud of dust, that rose as high as the house-tops, through which the head of a column of troops sparkled, swords, and bayonets, and gay uniforms glancing in the sun. This was the Kingston regiment marching down to the Court-house in the lower part of the town, to mount the Christmas guards, which is always carefully attended to, in case any of the John Canoes should take a small fancy to burn or pillage the town, or to rise and cut the throats of their masters, or any little innocent recreation of the kind.—*ib.*

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1832.

### SHERIDAN'S EPIGRAM.

When Mr. Moore first waited on William Linley (Sheridan's brother-in-law) to solicit information and particulars for his life of Sheridan, the interview did not promise a fruitful supply of anecdote. Linley, it is well known, was proverbial for a treacherous memory, which frequently placed him in the enviable situation of breaking down with the incident or joke at the most critical moment. A dilemma of this nature unfortunately happened on this occasion.

"Ah, Mr. Moore," said Linley, as soon as the purport of the visit was opened, "I am exceedingly happy to find that you have undertaken the task of writing the life of my brother-in-law, Mr. Sheridan. I say my brother-in-law, (Linley was minutely circumstantial in narration) for you know that he married my sister."

"I comprehend you exactly," said his visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Moore, I must first tell you an admirable epigram written by Sheridan soon after his marriage, whilst it is fresh in my recollection. It is so poignant, and witty, and so suited for your purpose, that I would not have you omit it on any consideration."

"Now then, let me have it," exclaimed the biographer, taking out his note-book.

"I'll give it you presently, Mr. Moore; but I must first mention the circumstance in which it originated, that you may enter completely into its spirit. You must know, then, that shortly after his marriage,

Sheridan was determined to take a trip to the continent with his wife, my sister. For this purpose, they took a small vessel, a brig I believe, for Harwich—let me see—I think it was Harwich. The vessel was bound—for Rotterdam or Amsterdam, I do not recollect exactly which; now I think of it, I believe it was Havre, or Dunkirk—or Boulogne—but, however, I will not be particular as to this point, it was to one of them I am confident—though I am not exactly certain which. However, the vessel was—the *Minerva*, Capt. Brown—stop, stop—it was the *Venus*, Capt. Thompson—or I think it was the *Ediza*, Capt. —"

"It does not matter, Mr. Linley, what the ship was," said Moore, "or who commanded her; pray let us have the epigram."

"You shall, you shall; it has never been printed, and I would rather you should introduce it to the public first; it is so exceedingly severe,—but I have not yet come to it. Well, sir, this Captain Brown of the *Minerva*, or Captain Thompson of the *Venus*, or whoever the fellow was, I won't be particular,—he was a surly, ill-behaved fellow; and used Sheridan and my sister very shamefully. They were detained by contrary winds, and there was not a morsel to eat or drink on board. So, sir, Sheridan was determined that the fellow should suffer for it,—and he wrote an epigram upon him, which is the severest thing I ever saw, it did for him completely, the fellow never can forget it, it was so entirely sarcastic."

"Aye," said Moore, who was beginning to be impatient—"now for the epigram."

"To be sure," continued Linley,—"it was the happiest hit Sheridan ever made—it did not spare the fellow an inch."

"Well, well, but the epigram, my dear sir," said Moore, wearied by this prolixity.

"Let me see," continued Linley, "it was"—here a pause ensued, during which he was biting his lips in an apparent agony to recover the lines which had called forth these extraordinary panegyrics—"the epigram—the epigram—it was an amazing good thing—but, by Heavens, Mr. Moore, I have entirely forgotten it!"

We have been much pleased with the following sketch from the *PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE*, a work abounding with classical and natural associations, and we believe but little known in this country, and even in England, its parent land, far—very far below its merits. The author, Mr. Charles Bucke, considered either as a classical writer, a moralist, or a poet, evidences talent of the highest order. His finest allusions are drawn from Nature, "the source of all philosophy;" woods, mountains, rivulets;—earth, air, and sea;—the lordly cedar and the humble violet;—these are the fountains of his "poetical imaginings." His philosophy is of the most exalted order of Epicurean, and like Aurelius he can say—"Though I gain no reward from above, nor honour from men, I would choose to be a philosopher for the sake of philosophy itself." We have been under the necessity of making a slight alteration in the arrangement of this piece, without however mutilating the text, and presume our readers will be pleased with the selection.

### NATIONAL IDEAS OF PARADISE.

"For blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was—"

Almost all nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name among the Assyrians, synonymous with Paradise. The Mahometans name the Paradise to which the faithful will be called, *Jannat el Naim*, the Garden of Pleasure; *Jannat eden*, the Garden of Perpetual Abode; and not unfrequently by the simple name of *Jannat*, the Garden, to distinguish it from others.

The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden! The Muscovites imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific. The Mexicans conceived, that those who died of wounds or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place; there to enjoy all manner of pleasures: those who died in battle or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years in this splendid habitation, they animated clouds, and birds of beautiful feather, and of sweet song; having at the same time, liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers and warble enchanting songs.

The Tonquinese imagine the forests and mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate, and an atmosphere surcharged with odours, with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Aztecs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, forms the principal object of their promised bliss.

There is a tribe of America, who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in various other delicious fruits. The heaven of the Chilis was called *Flath-innis*, 'the island

of the good and the brave;' their hell, *Ufirin*, 'the island of Cold Climate.' While the Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellinus, believed that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.—by B. B. Thatcher.—We have in these volumes, which form the 45th and 46th Nos. of Harpers' Family Library, some very interesting and valuable facts relating to the aborigines of this vast continent. The work comprises the whole Indian history from the date of the James Town Settlement in Virginia in 1610, to the death of Red Jacket, the 'Last of the Senecas,' in January 1830. The native government, customs, manners, exploits, anecdotes and notions of these interesting people, are well worthy of perusal; and the volume should form a text or stock book in all our seminaries. In the first volume there is a very excellent portrait of Red Jacket in his native costume. F. D.

THE COMFORTER.—by a Village Pastor.—This excellent little volume has been issued by Messrs. Harper. The nature of the work is implied from the title, and furnishing, as it does, some of the best passages from the writings of Cunningham, Robt. Hall, Blair, Wesley, Dodd, Hervey, Doddridge, Whitfield, Watts, &c.—is admirably calculated to impart the only real consolation in those painful trials of human nature, the bereavement of friends. F. D.

### THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—On Saturday Mr. Kemble resumed his character of Benedict in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Beatrice by Miss Kemble; the house was well attended. Tuesday *The Hunchback* drew a fashionable audience, it being the last representation of that play prior to the departure of Mr. and Miss K. to the South.

Wednesday evening, in the comedy of *Ways and Means*, Placide was unusually good as Sir David Dunder. In the new piece of the *Forest Rose*, Mr. Hill played the Yankee *Jonathan* in a style of 'genuine' humour; this gentleman is a decided acquisition to the Park theatre, and we hope frequently to have the pleasure of hearing his 'slick right away' stories. Wilkinson as Tom Trippet was very comical; his acting is a complete scare-crow to the Cholera.

Italian Opera.—On Saturday evening Mad. Brichien appeared as Isabella in Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and was received with the most enthusiastic cheers. Perhaps her finest parts were the opening scene, and the cavatina which closes the second act; her execution in these drew long and merited applause. Signor Pedrotti has succeeded Monetti, and was received with a cordiality the very reverse to his predecessor, and calculated to inspire the most timid with entire confidence. As a singer he does not take the highest grade, although he is entitled to a rank far beyond mediocrity; his airs were given with judgment and effect. Of Fornasari we shall only say, that professional fame is jealous of her votaries, and constant in her demands for attention.

We are happy to learn that the site for a permanent Opera House has been purchased, (we believe in Leonard-st.), and \$50,000 has been already subscribed. The whole amount of capital is fixed at \$100,000, and application will be made next session to incorporate the members as "The Italian Opera Association."

NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening Miss Hughes made her first appearance at the Sacred Concert in Chatham street Chapel, having returned from Philadelphia expressly for this occasion. Her reception by a very fashionable audience was as may be supposed, highly gratifying, and evinced the high consideration in which this lady is held by the musical public. Miss Hughes was in fine voice, and gave her recitations and songs in a very superior style. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Horn, his part was sustained by Mr. Jones, whose fine manly voice was heard to great advantage.

### DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. IV.

MANSION-HOUSE.—Pugilistic Preparation.—A master sweep was summoned to answer for having assaulted one of his apprentices. The defendant said, the fact was, that the complainant had some notions of going into the Pugilistic Ring; and, to prepare himself for the work, used to buffet about a little fellow-labourer of his. The poor little creature was sure, as soon as he had done his day's business, to get some hard blows from his big comrade, who threw himself into a fighting attitude, and, with two sweeps' caps for gloves, pumelled his unresisting opponent, until the latter tumbled upon the earth;—and having seen the complainant exercising such wanton cruelty, he certainly did ring his ears.

The little sweep was then sent for; and the wor-

thy Alderman asked him how his master chastised his boys.

Witness (evidently not understanding the question)—Vy, very well.

Alderman—I mean, how often does he beat you? Witness—Oh, how often he vops us! Vy, he vops us ven ve vants it.—[Laughter.]

Alderman—What did he strike this boy for?

Witness—Vy, because Jack vos a vopping me, and master vouldn't stand it no more; so he swore—his eyes if he vould, and so he vopped Jack, and my eyes! if he didn't give it him!—[Laughter.]

Alderman—What! he struck him hard?

Witness—Ah, I believe you, he did give him a good un!—[and turning to one of the officers, he added]—Vy, you know Jack vopped me hard—but if master didn't give it him as hard, I'm blow'd!

The Alderman said, it was evident that the complainant deserved punishment: there was, however, a medium to be observed, and the master had certainly exceeded it. His Worship then censured the master for having acted with unnecessary violence, and the apprentice for having committed the cowardly offence for which he had been punished—and the case was then dismissed.

GUILDHALL.—Quite the reverse!—Mrs. Sarah Blackman, a matron, whose complexion has suffered very materially by the smoke of fifty winters in London, complained that she had been shockingly maltreated by her husband, who, she said, was as idle as a pig after dinner—dreadfully addicted to drinking—and so tempestuous under reproof, that he had just then rejected her at the end of a red hot kitchen poker.

"Your Worship," said Mr. Blackman, as soon as he could find room to slip in a word edgewise, "is quite the reverse!"

"Aye, we know you have a tongue that'll wheedle his Worship or any body else, to make your own tale good," said Mrs. Blackman.

"Mr. wheedle his Worship!" cried Mr. Blackman; "I never wheedled nobody."

"You did!" exclaimed Mrs. B.; "you wheedled me! and didn't you drive me out of the house with a red-hot poker?—answer me that, you villain!"

To both these charges Mr. B. again replied, "Your Worship, it's quite the reverse!"

"Well, I don't want to have no more to do with him," rejoined Mrs. B.; "and if your Worship will only make him allow me six shillings a week, and tie him down that he shall never mistreat, or meddle with me, I'll take the children and leave him altogether, for I'm quite weary of him."

"Yes, that's because I can't be comfortable while you're going to the Ball at the *Pewter Platter*!" said Mr. B. "That's the mischief of it, your Worship! She and her daughter are off every Tuesday, and Friday, and Saturday nights, to the Ball at the *Pewter Platter*, and such places, and if I go to look after 'em, it's 'Who are you?' directly, and I'm knocked out; while they're gallanting about with chaps in new top boots, in and out Bagnigge Wells."

"And what sort of people attend these Balls?" enquired the Alderman.

"Nothing in the world but riff-raff, your Vorship," replied Mr. B.; "little dolls of wenches, and chaps in new top-boots, and the like of that."

Mrs. Blackman indignantly denied this—they were young men and women of all sorts, she said, but quite respectable; she keeps it very select; they danced *quod rills* and *caulices*; the landlord of the *Platter* stopped his beer-cock and the moose periscopically at half-past ten o'clock; her profits were seldom more than eighteen pence or two shillings a night; and the rooms were always cleared by eleven o'clock.

"And what music have you?" asked the Alderman; "a bagpipe?"

"Oh dear, no, Sir!—a violin and a base, of course. And as to my husband coming here to set up his bipsy dixy against them—he would stand at the doors to receive the money himself, if we would let him; but he behaved in such a brutelike manner at the *Platter* one night—'dancing about with the kitchen fender in his mouth'—that the landlord, wowed and declared, if he ever came there again, he would consider him no gentleman, and give him in charge to the watch."

"Your Vorship, it's quite the reverse!" cried Mr. B.; but the Alderman prevented further explanation; and, as there were no witnesses on either side, the "Lady Patroness" of the *Pewter Platter* was non-suited.

THAMES POLICE.—Self-emancipation.—The Captain of a merchant ship brought a curly-headed black fellow to the office, to know what he should do with him, as the fellow swore he would not go back to Ceylon. The Captain said he had shipped this black at Ceylon, as under-steward and servant, and was under a bond of 300*l.* to deliver him back there, if alive. He had arrived in this country two months since, and was the chief part of which time the black had been ashore with other sailors, and having at-



tached himself to some woman, he was disinclined to go on board, as the ship was going to sea in a day or two. The Captain therefore wished the Magistrate to send the black on board, and he would take good care to keep him safe until the vessel was at sea.

Capt. Richbell (the Magistrate)—Has he committed any offence?

Captain—No criminal offence, only being drunk; he is half drunk now.

Capt. R.—What can I do with him? I cannot make him go on board.

Captain—Not make him go on board! Why, the fellow will perish with hunger!

Capt. R.—Not he. Hallo! you, sir! Why don't you go back with the ship, as you promised?

Black—Me like London—well; me stop; me like stop; me no go back.

Capt. R.—But you must go on board; the master wants you.

Black—Me no care—; me came London passenger; me no black servant; oh no! Captain tell—lie!

Captain—Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean by that? Do you think, Sir, (addressing Capt. R.) I would bring a black son of a—like that fellow, a passenger? He was servant in the cuddy, nothing more; and had 30s. a month.

The black grinned, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, "All—lie!—me passenger."

Captain (in a rage)—Passenger! pshaw! you deserve a good flogging.

Black—Me had floggee enough; me no like floggee. No floggee in England; me stop and get work.

Capt. R.—I can't interfere. If he will not go on board, I have no power of making him. He is emancipated from his state of slavery the moment he sets foot in England.

Captain—I wish I had left the—thief behind.

The Magistrate reproved the Captain for swearing, and, addressing the black, contrasted the misery he was likely to be reduced to by remaining here, with the comfort he would experience on board.

The fellow shook his head with the air of a man who had made up his mind; and said, "Me see you all—before me go back!"

The black, at this juncture, observing the door of the office open, made a bolt, upsetting an Irish apple-wood, who exclaimed, "Bad luck to your—black sowl!" His only answer was, "Me see Captain—before me go back!" His flight was too instantaneous and rapid to admit of his being stopped, and he escaped. The Captain departed very angry, hoping the fellow would go to a certain repeatedly described very hot residence for wicked souls.

BOW-STREET.—A violent hindivindal.—A Spaniard of peculiarly ferocious appearance, who had been in military service, was charged with having beaten a body of watchmen, after having broken windows and knocked down those who questioned his right to disturb the public tranquillity.

The Constable of the Night said, that in all his experience, he never met with such an obstreperous man as this here Spaniard. "Im blest'd, your Worship," said this type of civic majesty, "if ever I seed so violent a hindivindal! Why, he made nothing on us! and he thought no more of me, nor if I was a common feller in the street!"

Magistrate—Describe his conduct in the watch-house.

The Constable, delighted at the opportunity of a display, gave the following account, to the amusement of all in the Justice-room:—"Vy, your Worship, you see I was sitting in my chair, and giving borders to the men, ven there was a row and a seronmage at the door, and in valls this here foreign gentleman. Indeed I can't say he valked, because he couldn't, for his legs and harms was tied together, and he vas all hup in a lump; so I speaks kind to him, and I horders him to be unloosed—but the minute he vas at liberty, my eyes, if he didn't turn upon the men, and I'm blest'd if he didn't let fly in bang among 'em, till he flowered 'em all.—(Great laughter.) So says I to him, "Come, come," says I, "this here's unproper behaviour for a gentleman!" "Vot!" says he, and he says no more, but just as I vas viping my spectacles, he catches me with such a vopper right under the ear, that I couldn't stand it, by no means, and so down I falls.—(Shouts of laughter.) So, ven he had us all flowered, he runs to the door, for, I suppose, he vanted to go out, but there vas him, for he couldn't find no key, and so ve gets up, and ve bundles him into the black-hole; and so ve brought him afore your Worship, for to punish him according to law!"—(Roars of laughter.)

The Constable, while making this effusion, suited the action to the word so happily, that the effect of the narrative was indescribable.

The Magistrate said, the case was altogether one of the strangest he ever heard. He asked the defendant what he had to say in his defence.

Defendant—"It is all a—lie! I no strike no vatch, but do vatch strike me, and vant kill me."

Constable—"No such thing, your Worship; ve never vishes to kill nobody, particularly a poor creeper of a foreigner!"—(Laughter.)

The Magistrate said, it was necessary, for the sake of the public as well as the watchmen and constables, to have some security for the future good conduct of the defendant—and remanded him for a few days.

BYRON AND SHELLEY.—Shelley, as a poet, stands alone. He is to be tried by the test of no other writer. Like Byron, he belongs to no school. The world now begins to do him justice, and assigns the place he deserves—a niche by the side of his friend. Byron could set bounds to his imagination, control it at will. Shelley was carried away by his. Byron shuddered at the name of Swift, and was always, but without cause, terrified at the idea of ending life in madness or idiotism. Insanity hung as by a hair suspended over the head of Shelley. The Greeks were right about Prometheus' cave. No man was ever a great poet who had not, as Shakespeare says, a fine frenzy. Almost all Shelley's and Byron's finest things were written under the effects of a temporary derangement. Perhaps few will agree with me in thinking Shelley the second master spirit of the age. His creations remind me of the ideal beauty of some of Raphael's Madonnas, Byron's of Titian's Venuses. Shelley's figures possess all the classical truth that distinguished Nicholas Poussin's, whilst his landscapes combine Martin's wild imaginations with Turner's gorgeous sunsets filled with deepening gold. Byron could be a Salvador or a Claude; both, like Guido, could give to every subject they touched a portion of their own elastic minds—convert every thing into beauty. Neither Byron nor Shelley would have been the poets they were, but for a certain poetical education. They both drank their inspiration from true and pure sources, from all the wild and the wonderful and the beautiful of nature. The memory of Switzerland was ineffaceable in both. In his books Shelley used to scrawl pines and alpine summit raised upon alpine summits, only to be sealed by the Oceanides, with some spectral being stalking from peak to peak. It is to be lamented that no bust or portraits exists of Shelley, though the infinite versatility and play of his features would have baffled either sculpture or painting. His frame was a mere tenement for spirit, and in every gesture and lineament showed that intellectual beauty which animated him. There was in him a spirit which seemed to defy time, and suffering, and misfortune. He was twenty-nine when he died, but he might have been taken for nineteen. His features were small; the upper part not strictly regular. The lower had a Grecian contour. He did not look so tall as he was, his shoulders being a little bent by study and ill-health. Like Socrates, he united the gentleness of the lamb with the wisdom of the serpent—the playfulness of the boy with the profoundness of the philosopher. In argument he was irresistible, always calm and unruffled; and in eloquence surpassed all men I have ever conversed with. Byron was so sensible of his inability to cope with him, that he always avoided coming to any trial of their strength; for Shelley was what Byron could not be, a close, logical, and subtle reasoner, much of which he owed to Plato, whose writings he used to call the model of a prose style. He was not likely to have lived long. His health had been impaired by what he had undergone, and by the immoderate use he once made of laudanum. He was, besides, narrow chested, and subject to a complaint which, from day to day, might have cut him off. His tortures were excruciating, but, during his worst spasms, I never saw him peevish or out of humour—indeed, as an Italian said to me, he was *veramente un Angelo*.—*Melvin's Memoirs of Shelley.*

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS.—The following interesting fact in Natural History was communicated by Dr. Weatherhead to the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society, at their meeting on Tuesday last. For the last five-and-twenty years, naturalists in Europe have been striving to obtain the carcass of the impregnated female Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus, but without success, for it is by dissection alone that the hitherto doubtful and disputed point concerning the anomalous and paradoxical manner of bringing forth and rearing its young can be satisfactorily demonstrated. This long sought-for desideratum is at length attained. Through the kindness of his friend, Lieutenant the Hon. Lauderdale Maule, of the 30th regiment, Dr. Weatherhead has had the bodies of several Ornithorhynchi transmitted to him from New Holland, in one of which the ova are preserved, establishing along with other curious circumstances ascertained, the extraordinary fact, that this animal, which combines the bird and quadruped together in its outward form, lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles them like the other.—*London Atlas.*

A RESUME.—W. W. of Munich, who has just published "A Tour to the Brazils, through England and Portugal," observes—"After landing at Lisbon, I was conducted to a police-office. 'Whence are you?' inquired the superintendent. 'From the kingdom of Bavaria.' This was a complete terra inco-

nita to mine examiner: so recourse was had to an old map of Europe; and, whilst the man was indulging in a hearty roar at the diminitiveness of the royal inheritance, another Jack-in-office pulled out an immense map of Portugal, and turned to me, exclaiming, with a sneer, 'Look ye, Sir, here is something like a kingdom for you!'"

SIGNALS.—Speaking of telegraphing, I will relate an anecdote here, if you will wait until I mend my pen. I had landed at Greenwich wharf on duty—this was the nearest point of communication between Port-Royal and the admiral's pen—where, finding the flag-lieutenant, he drove me up his keturen to lunch. While we were regaling ourselves, the old signal man came into the piazza, and with several most remarkable obscenities, gave us to know that there were flags hoisted on the signal mast, at the mountain settlement, of which he could make nothing—the uppermost was neither the interrogative, the affirmative, nor the negative, nor in fact any thing that with the book he could make sense of. "Odd enough," said the lieutenant; "hand me the glass," and he peered away for half a minute. "Confound me if I can make heads or tails of it either; there, Cringle, what do you think? How do you construe it?" I took the telescope.—Uppermost there was hoisted on the signal-mast a large table-cloth, not altogether immaculate, and under it a towel, as I guessed, for it was too upke for hunting, and too white, although I could not affirm that it was fresh out of the fold either.

"I am puzzled," said I, as I spied away again. Meanwhile there was no acknowledgement made at our semaphore—"There, down they go," I continued—"Why, it must be a mistake—Stop, here's a new batch going up above the green trees. There goes the table-cloth once more, and the towel, and—dunce take me if I can compare the lowermost to any thing but a dishcloth—why, it must be a dishcloth!"

The flags, or substitutes for them, streamed another minute in the breeze, but as there was still no answer from our end of the string, they were once more hauled down.—We waited another minute—"Why, here goes the same signal up again, table-cloth, towel, dishcloth, and all—What the diable have we got here? A red ball, two pennants under—What can that mean?—Ball—it is the *bonnet-rouge*, or I am a Dutchman, with two short streamers!"—Another look—"A red night-cap and a pair of stockings, by all that is portentous!" exclaimed I.

"Ah, I see, I see!" said the lieutenant, laughing—"signal-man, acknowledge it!"

It was done, and down came all the flags in a trice. It appeared, on enquiry, that the washing cart, which ought to have been sent up that morning, had been forgotten; and the Admiral and his secretary having ridden out, there was no one who could make the proper signal for it. So the old housemaid took this singular method of having the cart dispatched, and it was sent off accordingly.—*Tom Cringle's Log.*

#### STORY OF A PIKE.

The desperate voracity of the pike is not more remarkable than the extraordinary retention of life it possesses after being removed from its native element. The following is a remarkable and rather ludicrous instance of its possession of both characteristics, for the truth of which we can safely pledge our veracity. An acquaintance, who is a perfect enthusiast in the science of angling, some time ago strapped the creel over his shoulder, took the rod in his hand, and with a plentiful and select assortment of hooks, bait, and fly, in his pocket, set off, on a piscatory pilgrimage, to the banks of the Clyde. There he casually encountered a shepherd, with his Colley at his foot, and whilst exchanging news and a pinch of rappee with the pastoral patriarch, our acquaintance observed a frog spring out of the grass into the water—which it had no sooner done than an immense pike shot with the speed of lightning from beneath the bank, and the next moment poor Monsieur Frog became an inmate of the monster's insatiable maw. In an instant, the five-piece hickory rod was screwed together, the hooks fixed to the line, and another unfortunate "pud-dock," as the shepherd termed it, being soon found and transixed, our friend retreated back to a proper distance and threw in the bait. No sooner had it dropped into the water than it was in the jaws of the pike, when the barbs were forthwith struck into his gums, and after about half an hour's desperate tussle, a huge 12lb. fish was laid on the green sward. Whilst our friend was undoing his rod and tackle, having made the shepherd a gift of the prize, the colley that had watched the sport seemingly with much attention, was going snuffing and smelling round the captive, and wagging his tail evidently with great satisfaction. Tired at last with scrutinizing the unsuspicious quadruped sat down with his rump towards the fish, and the bushy tuft of his tail lying temptingly near the jaws of the latter, it snapped at and caught hold of it. No words can paint the terror and surprise of the poor colley at this unwonted assault on his person! First he bolted straight out for a hundred yards or so, like an arrow—then wheeled round with the circular rapidity of a mill-stone—and finally sprang into the water, thinking, no doubt, that his assailant would prefer emancipation and safety in his native element, to the gratification of a malicious revenge; and so, no doubt, it would; but the wishes of both were fated to be balked—the hair having got so warped round the pike's jaws and gunders, that the latter was totally unable to disengage itself. Away swam the dog across the river, the pike tugging and tearing with night and main—now pulling poor colley the one moment fairly

below the water by sheer weight and strength, the next lifting his burdies "high in air," as it sprang aloft in its struggles to get free,—at every pull the terrified quadruped bellowing forth his alarm; whilst the two spectators, completely overcome by the ludicrous novelty of the spectacle, absolutely roared with laughter till "the tears coursed one another down their noses" with downright mirth. Having landed on the opposite bank, the colley took direct for his master's cottage (which was a gun-shot or two off the river) at full speed—the pike throwing incessant pirouettes in the air, to each of which a lengthened and dismal howl was responded. Anxious to see the termination of this laughable affair, our friend accompanied the shepherd across a neighbouring ford, and on arriving at the domicile, found the whole family—wife, weans, dogs, cats, and chuckies, in a state of tumultuous uproar and confusion that baffles description. The unfortunate colley had crept under the bed with his tail piece, whence he literally sent forth shrieks of agony and terror. Having pulled him out by the neck, the goodwife's shoers were put in requisition, and the poor dog was soon freed from his truly unwilling persecutor, yet notwithstanding all the bumping and thumping which the latter had undergone in its awkward career to the cottage, our friend assures us that the voracious animal actually snapped at and sunk its teeth into the *partridge stick*, which was employed to force open its jaws! After resting himself a little, and giving the gratified shepherd, in addition to the fish, a caulk from his flask, our friend resumed his pilgrimage, highly diverted with the strange and unexpected sport he had met with.—*Dumfries Journal.*

#### DR. SPURZHEIM, THE PHRENOLOGIST.

The Boston Atlas contains the following biographical notice.

This distinguished individual, whose fame is spread over all Europe and America, expired in this city about eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, November 10th.

He arrived, as nearly as we can recollect, at New York, in the month of September, and soon after repaired to Boston, where he commenced an interesting course of lectures on Phrenology, which were not completed when indisposition obliged him, very reluctantly, to keep his room. For about eighteen days, he has been gradually sinking,—and though he was not then by physicians to be in a dangerous condition at first, the symptoms finally became deeply alarming,—and as predicted by the profession, have carried a great man, prematurely to the grave.

Dr. Spurzheim was a profound thinker—and an uncommonly careful observer. Phrenology was the pursuit of his life; but in teaching and defending a new science, he rendered Anatomy and Physiology such aid, and has given them such impulse, that his memory is entitled to the highest respect, on that account alone.

Dr. Spurzheim was the pupil and friend of the celebrated Gall the man who originated a doctrine, never known before he announced it to the world. Spurzheim, above all men, was the individual to sustain the system, which his great master had promulgated. On the death of Gall, the mantle fell on Dr. Spurzheim, who has entirely devoted the masterly powers of his active mind, to the dissemination of Phrenological doctrines in Germany, France, England, Ireland, Scotland, and lastly in America.

Dr. Gaspard F. Spurzheim, the subject of this short notice, was born near Treves, in 1776—and received a medical education at Vienna, where he first saw Dr. Gall, to whom, as well as Phrenology, he became devotedly attached. Together they commenced the study of the brain, and made discoveries, which, though sneered at by ignorant pretenders, are fast overturning the old notions of the anatomists on the subject of its organization.

To the medical gentlemen of Boston, his demonstrations of the brain were highly satisfactory, and will long be remembered.

As an author he has been certainly industrious. In conjunction with Dr. Gall, he published the result of their inquiries into the Anatomy and Physiology of the nervous system; an Inquiry into the nervous system in general, and that of the Brain in particular; Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; an Examination of the objections urged in England against the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim; Observations on Mental Derangement, and several other lesser works; besides preparing valuable manuscripts, ready for the press.

As a lecturer, he had no equal—being most perfectly at home before his numerous hearers. Though a German, he spoke the English language with peculiar fluency and correctness, being both choice of words and happy in expressing his ideas. In no one instance did he ever bring a note or manuscript in sight. His manner was to pursue a strictly methodical course—and such was the astonishing variety of reasoning brought in illustration of the immediate subject, that the audience was always both interested and delighted.

In stature he was about six feet high, of a large frame, and muscular. His countenance was good and generous; and honesty and benevolence was made discoverable in his face. He has been married, but we have not been informed whether his wife is living or not. A sister, the only relative of whom mention has been made, now resides at Paris.

Thus, at the age of 56 years, has gone to the grave, a man whose active powers of mind, whose arduous, and whose devotedness to science, will carry the name with respect to future generations.





danger of indulging in actions where circumstances did not warrant the looking forward to an union provided for by the usual dispensations of life; except in a contingent way, and such as involved great uncertainty both as to time and manner, of which no one could or ought to speak with any predication. That, therefore, hard as it might appear, it was the duty of the young to submit as they might to the judgment of the old, and particularly to the will of considerate parents; for that I had seen in my time that it was the nature of the circumstances of this life often to crush and stifle the desires of the heart.—These things I spoke not without some misgivings as to their just application, when I looked at the distressed young couple before me, and thought of the motives of Jeanie's father and of the Laird of Green-dykes, of whom I knew nothing. But I had no sooner concluded, than Mr. Ptolomy took my hand, and pressing it warmly, thanked me for my explanation, and for the manner in which I had strengthened him to resign an interesting being, of whom he had never thought himself really worthy, and to give up one for ever whom he should rather die than ever be the means of bringing into the degrading hardships that might attend his own uncertain fortune.

By this time Jeanie had also recovered strength; and when they again stood up to say their last word, and to take their ultimate farewell, they looked so sadly, yet so proudly resolute, and their resolution seemed to cut so deeply into each of their hearts, that I was unable to stand to look at them, and, tearing myself away, walked to the opposite window. Here, hiding myself behind the curtain, I heard the better whisper of parting regret—the half-expressed hope that they would sometimes think of each other when far asunder—the half-admitted embrace, repeated till it alarmed themselves—and the last choking sob of suppressed agony!

I heard him rush towards the door; I heard it close behind him. The father and mother were both again in the room ere I was aware. Jeanie stood where William had left her, like a pale statue; but I saw her countenance that the cord had been too much tightened. At length she seemed to awaken suddenly, and rushing towards her mother, she buried her head in her bosom, and burst into a torrent of tears.

I could not remain longer in the house. The same evening, however, I sought the old man again, and tried to convince him of the cruelty, if not danger, of his persisting on this match; but he was deaf to my reasoning. Poverty, like riches, often aggravates unreasonably the selfish principle, and hardens the heart. I went and lodged in the inn; and shortly after daylight on the following morning, I was already on my way from the town of Bridport.

The winter had come and gone after this, and the long days of summer of the following year were passed by me in a different part of the country, so that it was full the harvest of the second twelve-month before my wanderings led me again to the seaward heights of Bridport. The afternoon was grey and drowsy, a spitting of rain held a threatening parody with my evening resolves, and although I was aware that a drenching was a dispensation that seldom proved mortal, I began to wish exceedingly that I was safe and dryly seated at John Stevenson's chimney corner.

I had not got thus far without thinking seriously, and not without sadness of old recollections and former scenes; and as I wandered along, I began to wonder exceedingly in what condition I should now find them, if alive, for whom my heart was much interested. My dull cogitations were slightly disturbed by the quick patter of a pair of feet by my side, and lifting up my eyes upon an old-fashioned country maid and poney which I found myself passing, I asked the bare-fisted urchin who kept running beside me to whom it might belong.

"It'll belong, I'm thinking," said the boy, "to me Mr. Gilmour. Ye'll maybe have heard of the Laird of Green-dykes, that owns the ship-cald the Bonnie Jeanie. He's an auldier man than my father, yet the other year he was married to the bonniest young lady in a' Bridport, and she sits in a seat just forment the minister, in the auld kirk at the town-end."

"And is the lady's father and mother still alive and well?" I enquired of the gadding boy.

"Oo, gann about, weel and hearty," said the boy. "Now, here's the laird's gate, made out of the jawbones of a whale; o'sake, sir, but a whale maun be a big fish to hae jaws like that."

"True enough, my man," said I, giving a white sixpence to the chattering chaunt; "but that'll be something to set thy ain chafts a wagging." The boy gave a grin at the sight of the silver, and, taking to his heels with as much gratitude as could be expected of mankind, I proceeded thankfully up the laird's avenue.

I knew Jeanie's neatness by the appearance of the door-steps, and still more by the trig comfort of the old-fashioned parlour into which I was ushered. When she came to me, there was more than surprise and cordiality in the look with which I was recognized. She had been little more than two years married, and yet her air was staid and matronly, like a woman of forty, and her pretty countenance wore almost the shade of melancholy. That melancholy deepened, and became more decided as we proceeded to converse.

"The chief purpose of my marriage was certainly obtained," said she, "for my father and mother live in comfort and without anxiety. As for myself, as far as the world's goods go, I have every thing I can wish for, and I have a husband whom I also regard as a father, who is to me the kindest of men, and would lay the hair of his head amongst my feet. But in this world something always appears to be wanting, and

if I could only have heard that he was happy, and had obtained some measure of prosperity, then I might—but why should I still think of him, when I know it is almost sinful—you know who I mean—?"

I saw her lip beginning to tremble as she spoke of William Ptolomy, but after allowing her a few moments repose for her feelings, I said, "Pray go on, Jeanie, I mean Mrs. Gilmour; pray proceed, and let me know what has become of him."

"That is just what I am uncertain of myself," she went on—"and anxious I am to hear concerning him this night, for I expect news from Heliogoland; but I had best tell you from the beginning, as far as I know."

It was a dreadful interval to me from the time you left Bridport till the day fixed for my marriage with Gilmour. Had William got away immediately after that sad interview, and been out of the town, and beyond the chance of my seeing him for years, I might have been more composed to the change I was fated to undergo. But something happened in the mean time to his father's affairs; he was too honourable to allow the old man to hear alone the zenith and the scorn of the world, or to desert his parent in the day of calamity; and so the ship had to sail without him, and he was left to linger in Bridport, to witness the last prop of his hopes pulled up by the roots, and to get over as he could the day of sore evil. It was a bitter, bitter draught William Ptolomy had to drink—to see his worthy father a broken man in his old age, himself reduced to the state of a fortuneless adventurer, who could not even be suffered to try the world in a foreign land; and me, the dearest hope of his heart, turning my back on him in the day of trouble, and about to be married to a braw rich laird, and a creditor of his desponding father. On the day of my marriage, as he told a friend from whom I afterwards heard it, he took his solitary seat on a hill overlooking the town, and thought, as he watched, that he saw the green world, and all that it contained for him, buried before his eyes. If his heart did not altogether break that day, it received a rent in its tenderest parts that—it will be happy, happy for my peace, if it does not carry him to an unripe grave."

I allowed Mrs. Gilmour time for the natural sorrow that here broke out after which she went on, though with a trembling voice.

"My wedding day was a heavy day to me; but Mr. Gilmour, my husband that's now, was kind and considerate, and so were my father and mother, and that helped me better over the day of trial. But what vexed me next, was my fear that William would not be supported to take it as one of the ordinary sacrifices that the heart has often to make to the evil circumstances of this sinful world. He never absented himself from his father's counting-house, but he began to go about Bridport with a heartless and listless look, while at times a strange restless wildness was observed in his eye, and he was seen often to look, with a sad and ominous despondency, towards the sea that twinkled under the rocks where he was wont to walk. To me all this was unspeakably distressing; for on Sunday in the kirk, from which he never absented himself, while sitting hearing the word beside my husband, I dared not look up towards the minister for fear I should catch his eye, which was sure to be fixed on me; and then, God help me, I often watched him myself—for we then lived in Bridport, and he seemed to take a pleasure in lingering near the house, or in wandering up the burn-side, where, in our happy days, we used to walk in the summer evenings. His friends tried to reprove him, but all was in vain; for his father's affairs would not admit of him engaging to any extent in the pursuits of ambition. Indeed every thing went wrong with the family; and, to sum up all, his poor father began to take refuge in a drop of drink, and William at length seemed to have become the prey of shame and despair."

At last he got off to Heliogoland, and thence, I believe, to somewhere in Germany; and pleasant accounts came home of his returned activity, and his success in retrieving his father's affairs. But later news from him were more sad and sombre; for, with all his activity to do his best, the decline of his health is too evident, and I am unable to repress my inward apprehensions. I dare not think of what I fear, nor do I ever mind dreams; but I have dreamed of him three several times these last three nights, and I cannot get it out of my head all day, that I am to hear some lasty news."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when, starting at a sound which did not appear to me to be very loud, she cried—"Bless me, what a heavy knock at the door!"

So much had the apprehension of evil taken hold of her, that she was unable to open the letter that was now put into her hand. I opened it for her. My countenance betrayed the truth—William Ptolomy was no more!—and he was even buried in a foreign land.

Consolation is not easily effected in the first moments of sorrow. In this case, my attempts were more than usually vain; for I could not divest the pretty young wife of the idea, that, whether she had acted right or not, she had been the unhappy instrument of breaking William Ptolomy's heart. Her reflections on the supposed event—had she, instead of doing as she did, united her fate with his, supported his mind in the time of his calamity, and encouraged him by her love, in the vigour of his days,—were as bitterly sorrowful as they were now unavailing.

But time, after all, under the continuance of health, gradually skins over the sorest wounds of the heart. A dozen years passed away, and I found Mrs. Gilmour afterwards a matronly, a fruitful, and, upon the

whole, a contented wife. Her parents were still living, happy in their old age, in the comforts of the world, and the hopeful admiration of her and her family; and as for herself, conscious of having acted throughout from a principle of duty, she only reverted to past trying events, as many have to recall in their mature years, occasionally with thoughts of moralizing regret, the unexpected laps of their own fortune, and the painful heart woundings which they suffered in their youth.

#### ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

The history of the imprisonment and escape of De Latude from the Bastille, in which and in other state prisons he was confined for five years, is as extraordinary as that of Baron Trenck, but perhaps not so generally known. The narrative exhibits one of the most remarkable instances on record of the power of courage and perseverance to overcome the greatest difficulties.—*Foreign Journal.*

In the year 1749, De Latude, who was of respectable family in Langue-doc, and intended for the engineers, came to Paris, and being unsuccessful in obtaining any appointment, he formed a scheme to gain the good will and protection of Madame de Pompadour, the King's mistress, by despatching to her a pretended plot for poisoning her. This artifice being detected, he was seized and confined in the Castle of Vincennes, from which he escaped, after nine months' confinement, but was retaken and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had for a fellow prisoner a young man at the name of D'Alegré, who had been in confinement at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, for three years. These two unfortunate men occupied the same chamber. The then governor of the Bastille, Mons. Berryer, treated them with humanity, and used his best endeavours to promote their discharge, by persuading and backing their memorials and petitions. At length, however, he was under the painful necessity of announcing to them, that in consequence of Madame de Pompadour's positive orders never to be spoken to on their behalf, there was no prospect of their release, but with the disgrace or death of that implacable woman. D'Alegré was reduced to despair; but the courage of De Latude was raised by this intelligence, and he resolved to escape or perish in the attempt. We will now let him tell his own story.

"To any man who had the least notion of the situation of the Bastille, its extent, its towers, its discipline, and the incredible precautions which despotism had multiplied more strictly to chain its victims, the mere idea of escaping from it would appear the chief of insanity, and would inspire nothing but pity for a wretch so devoid of sense as to dare to conceive it. A moment's reflection would suffice to show that it was hopeless to attempt an escape by the gates. Every physical impossibility was united to render this impracticable. We had no resource but by the outside. There was in our chamber a fire-place, the chimney of which came out on the extreme height of the tower—it was full of gratings and bars of iron, which in several parts of it scarcely left a free passage for the smoke. Should we be able to get to the top of the tower, we should have below us a precipice of great height, at the bottom of which was a tower broad ditch, surrounded by a very lofty wall, to be got over. We were without assistance, without tools, without materials, constantly watched night and day, and guarded besides by a great number of sentinels who surrounded the outworks of the Bastille. So many obstacles, so many dangers, did not deter me. I hinted my scheme to my comrade; he thought me a madman, and relapsed into despair. I was obliged alone to digest my plan, to anticipate the frightful host of difficulties which opposed its execution, and find the means of remedying them all. To accomplish our object we had to climb to the top of the chimney, notwithstanding the many iron gratings which were opposed to our ascent; and then, in order to descend from the top of the tower into the fosse, we required a ladder of 50 feet at least, and another ladder necessarily of wood to get out of the fosse. If I could get these materials I must hide them from every eye, work without noise, deceive all our spies, and this for months together. Now for the details of my operations. Our first object was to find a place of concealment for our tools and materials, in case we should be so fortunate as to procure any. By dint of reflecting on the subject, a thought struck me which appeared to me a very happy one. I had occupied different chambers in the Bastille, and had always observed, whenever the chambers either above or below me were inhabited, that I had heard very distinctly any noise made in either. On the present occasion I heard all the movements of the prisoner above, but not of him below, nevertheless I felt confident that there was a prisoner there. I conjectured at last that there might be a double floor with a space between each. I took the following means to satisfy myself on the point. There was in the Bastille a chapel, at which, by special favour of Mons. Berryer, we, as well as the prisoner below, in No. 3, were allowed to hear mass—I resolved to take advantage, when mass should be over, of a moment before the prisoner below was locked up to take a view of the chamber. I pointed out D'Alegré how he was to assist me. I told him to put his tooth-pick case in his pocket handkerchief, and when we should be on the second floor, by pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, to let his tooth-pick case fall all the way down the stairs, and then to request the turnkey to go and pick it up. My little plan succeeded. While the turnkey was going after the tooth-pick case, I ran quickly up to No. 3. I drew back the bolt of the door—I examined the height of the chamber from the floor, and found it about ten feet six inches. I shot the door, and from this room

to ours I counted thirty-two steps, measured the height of one of them, and making my calculation, I came to the conclusion that there must be between the floor of our chamber and the ceiling of that below a space of five feet six inches, which could not be filled up either by stones or wood on account of their weight. As soon as we were shut up and bolted in, I embraced D'Alegré with delight. 'My friend,' said I, 'patience and courage—we are saved! We can hide our ropes and materials—that is all that is wanted! we are saved!' 'What,' said he, 'have not you yet given up your dreams? Ropes and materials! where are they, and where shall we get them?' 'Ropes,' said I, 'why we have more than we want, that trunk (showing him mine) contains a thousand feet of them.' Looking at me steadily, he replied, 'My good friend, endeavour to regain your senses, and to calm the frenzy which agitates you. I know the contents of your trunk, there is not a single inch of rope in it.' 'Aye,' said I, 'but have I not a large stock of linen—twelve dozen of shirts, a great number of napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other things—will not they supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have ropes enough.' 'But how are we to extract the iron gratings of our chimney?' said D'Alegré; 'where are we to get the materials for the wooden ladder which we shall want? where obtain tools for all these works? We cannot create things.' 'My friend,' I replied, 'it is genius which creates, and we have that which despair gives, that will guide our hands—once more, we are saved.' We had a flap table, supported by iron legs, we gave them an edge by rubbing them on the tiled floor; of the steel of our tinder-box we made, in less than two hours, a good knife, with which we formed two handles to these iron legs; the principal use of these was to force out the gratings of our chimney. In the evening, the daily inspection being over, with these iron legs we raised some tiles of our floor, and by digging for about six hours, we discovered that our conjectures were well founded, and that there was a vacant space between the floor and ceiling of about four feet. We replaced the tiles, so that they scarcely appeared to have been raised. This done, we ripped the seams and heads of two shirts, and drew out the threads of them one by one. These we tied together and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards re-wound on two larger balls, each of which was composed of fifty threads 50 feet long. We twisted these and formed a cord about fifty-five feet long, and with it constructed a rope ladder which was intended to support us aloft, while we drew out of the chimney the bars and spikes of iron with which it was grained. This was the most painful and troublesome of our labours, and cost us six months' toil, the recollection of which makes one shudder. We could only work by bending our bodies in the most painful positions; so that at a time when we could bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. The iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar, which we had no means of softening but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. Judge what this work must have been when we were well pleased if, in a whole night, we had worked away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out we replaced it in its holes, that, when we were inspecting, the deficiency might not appear, and so as to enable us to take all of them out at once should we be in a situation to escape. After six months of this obstinate and cruel work, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder which was necessary to mount from the fosse upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be twenty feet long. We devoted to this part of our work nearly all our fuel; it consisted of round logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We found we should want blocks or pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron cannistick by means of half of the steel of the tinder-box, from which I had made the knife; with this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron legs of our table, we reduced the size of our logs; we made tenants and mortices in them to join them one into the other, with two holes through each, and two joints, to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each round being fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches diameter, so that each round projected clear six inches on each side of the upright. To every piece of which the ladder was composed the proper round for each joint was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had made we completed the tools of our workshop. We made a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c. &c. and hid them in our magazine."

De Latude goes on to detail the precautions which he and his companion in misfortune took, in case any

\* De Latude here, in a note, mentions that his narrative has been doubted, particularly by the English, who think the quantity of linen an exaggeration, and only need to render the subsequent manufacturing of the ladder & ropes probable. He enters into explanations on the subject not necessary to a patient reader, there not being the least doubt that the two prisoners made the ladder by which they afterwards effected their escape. The writer of this says, both the ladder of ropes and that of wood in the month of August, 1790, about three weeks after the taking of the Bastille. They had been chained by and were delivered to De Latude by the governor and ordered to his property, and were exposed by him to public view at the annual exhibition of prisoners. These ladders were both twisted, and bore the signatures and seals of the Mayor of the Bastille, and of a civil officer of the time. They were very neatly made, particularly the ladder of ropes; upon examining which, it was easy to distinguish the various unravelled materials of which the ropes were composed.

\* This is really no exaggeration.  
† This part of the narrative is by no means clear.